MEMOIR OF THURLOW WEED. By his Grandson, THURLOW WEED BARNES. Svo. pp. xlx., 617. Hough-ton, Mishin & Co.

The "Life of Thurlow Weed," as published by his grandson, comprises the Autobiography which ap-peared last year, and the Memoir which now completes the work. The division is somewhat martistic, because Mr. Barnes does not confine his labor to finishing the interrupted task of his grandfather, but goes back to the beginning and tells the whole story afresh. so that to read the "Life" systematically and chronologically one must hold a fat volume open m each hand. Still there is something to be said in favor of an arrangement which separates two narratives identical, to a certain point, in subject, yet widely different in nature and value. Those who prize an autobiography as a study of personal character, or as a record of personal opinion, will content themselves with Mr. Weed's own account of the scenes in which he bore so important and peculiar a part; while for so much of a chronicle of politics as belongs to the career of an old and very busy politician, we may turn to the unadorned narrative by Mr. Weed's grandson. It may be taken for granted that political questions are presented here as they appeared to Mr. Thurlow Weed, so far as the biographer understands his grandfather's sentiments; but we must presume that the record gives Mr. Weed's opinions as they were at the time of the transactions under review, and not the mature conclusions which he would have expressed had he been spared to complete the servey of his life. It is hardly doubtful that he would have changed many crude estimates of men and things, corrected many false impressions, and softened or wholly withdrawn many harsh judgments. But if in his peaceful and genial old age he imparted to his biographer many deliberate and corrected commentaries upon the contests in which he had participated, the statesmen with whom he co-operated or had quarrelled, the rivals whom he had fought, the historical events in which he had played a part, Mr. Barnes has not thought it necessary to embody these revisions in his narrative. On the contrary, he seems to have taken up, in earnest, the dead animosities of thirty or forty years ago. There is something touching in this youthful reverence for the old ancestral ghosts; but the re-sult of it is an odd and unpleasant centrast between our latest recollections of the kindly and philosophical veteran and the rancerous pages in which family affection has preferred to commit him to posterity. We suspect that Mr. Barnes has trusted too much to old letters and old newspapers, and has absorbed from them various animosities and prej-

perpetuation of ancient passions is Mr. Weed himself. Mr. Weed belonged to that class of patriotic but sometimes shortsighted conservative Republicans to whom in 1860 and in the first months of 1861 an abolitionist was as hateful as a rebel, Radical with them was the severest term of reproach. Greeley, Sumner, Chase, Hale, Wade, Garrison, Phillips, and scores of other high-minded leaders of opinion widely differing in character and plans, they classed together in one indiscriminating censure, as fanatics, agitators and incendiaries. Virtually, though not always in plain terms, they laid the responsibility for the rebellion not only upon the friends of slavery but upon its uncompromising enemies. They opposed the nomination of Mr. Lincoln; and they believed even after the contest had begun that the war which had been treacherously and resolutely prepared by the South long in advance could be stopped by fresh concessions, surrenders, protests and pledges. Mr. Weed was an ardent supporter of the Crittenden Compromise, which practically gave up to slavery almost everything for which the North had been contending. He did not realize that such an abnegation of the rights of freedom would be both disgraceful and ineffectual. We say this not to cast discredit upon Mr. Weed's memory, for m 1860-'61 a very large party of excellent men thought as he did, and a very small party really understood the crisis at which the country had arrived. But what are we to say of the discretion of the biographer who dwells upon this pardonable error of his hero as a special evidence of political sagacity, and angrily maintains in this year of grace that Crittenden and mand for the surrender of the rebel evoys. Weed could have kept out the Atlantic Ocean if the Radicals had not taken away their brooms t

Mr. Barnes gives the grotesquely false impression

dices which his grandfather outlived.

One of the chief sufferers from this unfortunate

that the South waited until it was plain that the Crittenden proposition and the Peace Conference would fail, and then set up the Confederacy as a last resort. The abolitionists forced the slave States out of the Union, wished them to go out, hated the Union, and despised the Constitution. More than all else, "the theory undoubtedly prevailed among Radical politicians that prominence of the abolition issue and failure to reach a peaceable adjustment would drive Mr. Seward out of the State Department and Mr. Weed out of politics. To reject all arbitration was to condemn the policy with which Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed were identified. Ambitious Radicals did not fail to make the most of what they conceived to be a great political opportunity." In another place Mr. Barnes declares that the Radicals in Congress " were ready to dissolve the Union, destroy the Government and bankrupt the people to keep Mr. Seward out of the Cabinet." Thus, he exclaims again, a great people were "plunged into the most inhuman war of modern times to suit the caprices of Jefferson Davis and Wendell Phillips." This reckless manner of writing belongs to campaign literature rather than to history. It sounds like an extract from The New-York Herald of 1890. Most people now anderstand that compromise failed because compromise was exactly what the South was resolved now to have. Mr. Weed saw that slavery, having received its natural limit, was doomed to gradual restriction merely through the superior vitality of the free North, and that is one reason why he deprecated agitation. But the South saw it as well ad he did, and de termined when she could no longer make the North an active partner in the fercible extension of slavery to secode and set up for herself. That was the scheme formed years ahead, and the time being ripe for it the overt actions began with the Charleston Convention. To discuss compromises then was to whistle for the wind. Everything offered was rejected by the South; and while Thurlow Weed and others were proposing adjustments, Jefferson Davis was already in office at Montgomery and the Confederacy was in arms. If Mr. Barnes is right in his statement that the refusal of Republicans to surrender the results of the election was the consequence of a disgraceful personal intrigue, one of the leaders in the Radical plot to keep Mr. Seward out of the State Department and Mr. Weed out of polities must have been Abraham Lincoln, for we find the following letter in the volume before us:

The President-elect to Mr. Weed. Springfield, Ill., December 17, 1860. MY DEAR SIR,-Yours of the 11th was received

two days ago.

Should the convocation of Governors of which Snount the concerns to know my views on the present aspect of things, tell them you judge from my speeches that I will be inflexible on the Territorial question; that I probably think either the Missouri line extended, or Douglas's and Eli Thaywe gained by the election; that filibustering for all south of us and making slave States of it would follow, in spite of us, in either case; also that I probably think all opposition, real and apparent, to the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution ought to

I believe you can pretend to find but little, if any-ing, in my speeches about secession. But my opin-u is that no State can be not seen in the case. thing, in my speeches about secession. But my opin-ion is that no State can in any way lawfully get out of the Union without the consent of the others; and that it is the duty of the President and other Government functionaries to run the ma

overnment functionaries to run the machine as it s. Truly yours, A. Lincoln.

But although Mr. Weed was slow to perceive the full significance of the rebellion, and grossly unjust to men whose ideas of public duty differed from his own, his zeal and activity in support of the war, after it had fairly began, were unbounded. His intimate friendship with Mr. Seward naturally brought him into confidential relations with the Government, and he was able to render it many important services in critical emergencies. In the autumn of 1861 he went to Europe as an "unofficial envoy," charged, in common with Archbishop Hughes, of New-York, and Bishop McIlvaine,

mission was opportune, for the Trent affair occurred while Mr. Weed and his companions were on the sea, and there was great need of whatever help judicious and well-informed Americans could give to the cause of their country in the excited society of the English capital. How much Mr. Weed accomplished it would be impossible to say. It was Seward's astute diplomacy which settled the difficulty, but Thurlow Weed acted in remarkable harmony with him even before it was possible for him to know what line the United States Government would take. One of the greatest difficulties which confronted him was a story current in London that during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States Mr. Seward "took advantage of an entertainment which was given to the Prince and his suite to tell the Duke of Newcastle that he was likely to occupy high office; that when he did so it would become his duty to insult England and that he should insult her accordingly." And this, exclaimed the British press, is just what he has done in the Trent case. Mr. Weed could only protest that the story was incredible, and that if anything of the sort was ever said it must have been in the way of badinage. George Peabody, writing to Mr. Weed about a conversation with Sir Emerson Ten-

nant, said:

We talked over the mystery hanging over the Seward and Newcastle affair. Sir Emerson said that there can be no doubt but that what the Duke reported of Seward's remarks has strongly influenced the Government in war preparations for several months past. The Bishop said that he had received the account from Sir Henry Holland, and, I think, Lord Shaftesbury, both of whom had the exact words from the Duke's own lips. You should at once write to Mr. Seward for a letter to the Duke, and have the matter cleared up.

Immediately after sending the dispatch to Lord

Immediately after sending the dispatch to Lord Lyons, agreeing to the surrender of Mason and Slidell, Mr. Seward wrote:

Slidell, Mr. Seward wrote:

My Dear Weed.—Of course I am unable to write a reply to your many letters, which are very useful; and now, when possible, are shown to the President, and hailed with pleasure by the Cabinet.

You will see what has been done. You will know who did it. You will hardly be more able to shield me from the reproach of doing it, than you have been to shield me in England from the reproach of hostility to that country, and designs for war against it. I saw the Duke of Newcastie at Albany, and there had only the few words possible on the way from the hotel to the ears. The whole story, as I see it here, is a mistake. I never said or thought a word like it, but all I could have said is so opposite that I am amazed that he lets it pass, except it be on the ground I do, that it is impossible to correct popular errors engendered in political correct popular errors engendered in political

Why not go and ask him about it? Later Mr. Seward wrote: "I have prepared a note to the Duke of Newcastle but have thrown it into the fire. Before this silly canard of his could be ex-

posed some new one would be started." Mr. Weed's efforts were shrewdly directed toward influencing the tone of the British demand for surrender, for upon that he saw that all chance of an accommodation depended. After a long conversa-tion with Earl Russell "more satisfactory in its conclusion than in its commencement," Mr. Weed accepted an invitation from Lauy Russell to walk

through the gardens:

Though the day was rather dark and blustering, yet through the openings, her ladyship pointed out Hampton Court, Kew, Kingston, Windsor, and other localities made classic by the residence of such men as Pope and Walpole. Mr. Weed's attention was attracted to a mound, some two or three feet above the level of the lawn, and he asked if that, too, had a history. "Oh, yes," replied Lady Russell, placing Mr. Weed upon it. Then she added; "Lock through that avenue of clms. You are now standing precisely where Henry VIII, stood watching for a signal from the dome of St. Paul's Church, announcing the execution of Anne boleyn." After looking at a mimic fortification in process of construction by her children, Lady Russell, as if the idea had just occurred to her, turned toward him and said: "Lades, you know, are not supposed to have any knowledge of public affairs. But we have eyes and ears, and sometimes use them. In these troubles about the taking of some men from under the protection of our flag, it may be some encouragement to you to know that the Queen is distressed at what she hears, and is deeply anxious for an amicable settlement." Assuming as he did that this significant intimation had been inspired by the Earl, who had taken Lady Russell aside a few moments before she received her hat and shaw! Mr. Weed departed from Penshroke Lodge with anxiety about the Trent affair greatly alleviated.

It has been well known for some time that the infinence of Prince Albert was exerted in behalf of through the gardens:

It has been well known for some time that the infinence of Prince Albert was exerted in behalf of ous account of the manner in which his friendly in-

mand for the surrement of the peak every.

Information received by Mr. Weed at this time from a confidential source greatly lessened his anxiety touching the tone of these dispatches. Lady Kinmaird, whose devotion to our cause entitles her to grateful remembrance, was a relative of Lady Palmerston, with whom she frequently passed the afternoon and evening. After the House adjourned, Lord Kingaird them a member of Parliament, drove afterneon and evening. After the House adjourned, Lord Kinnaird, then a member of Parliament, drove home with Lord Palmerston. On leaving Lord Palmerston, Lord and Lady Kinnaird drove immediately to Mr. Weed's lodgings for the purpose of imparting, in strict confidence, information of the numest importance. When Lord Palmerston returned from Windser, after an interview with the Queen, he left his portfolio on the table in the library, where the ladies were string, and repaired to the dining-yoom.

In the dining-room.

In his absence one of the ladies of the family, remarking that size would "have a peep into the bag," opened the portfelio containing the dispatches to Lord Lyons. With these papers there was also inclosed the following memorandum in the handwriting of the Primes Consort, with corrections and interlineations in the handwriting of the Queen:

interlineations in the handwriting of the Queen:

Memorandum by Prince Albert, corrected by the Queen.

WINDSOR CASTLE, December 1, 1861,

The Queen returns these important drafts, which apon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft, that for communication to the American Government, is somewhat meagre. She should have iked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them, that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not them, that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantenly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satspontaneously offer such redress as alone could sat-isfy this country: namely, the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology.

In January Mr. Dayton, our Minister at the Tuileries, telegraphed Mr. Weed to come to Paris. He had learned that in the Emperor's annual address to the legislative chamber there would be a denunciation of the obstruction of Charleston Harbor and demand for the raising of the blockade. Mr. Weed sought an interview with the Due de Morny, and prepared himself for it by a diligent study of precedents in the library of the Legation:

cedents in the library of the Legation:

The Duke assumed at once the leading part in the conversation. He was exceedingly affable and unreserved. It gave him great pleasure, he said, to meet Mr. Weed. He extended an invitation to the opera. The season was rather dull, to be sure, but a new singer was soon to make her appearance.

Mr. Weed referred to public topics by gradual stages. He could not let the Duke know that he had been informed of the nature of the Emperor's message. He was obliged to criticise a policy which Franco had not adopted, and which he was not supposed to have any information that she intended to

France had not adopted, and which he was not supposed to have any information that she intended to adopt. But he was equal to the occasion.

"After some general remarks in regard to the tone of the Briitsh press," writes an ex-diplomat, "Mr. Weed finally succeeded in breaking ground, "Nothing," he said, 'could be more absurd than for England, which had never hesitated at any miscreancy requisite to uphold or extend her power, for England, yet bloody to the armpits from the massacre of many thausand unarmed Sepoy prisoners,—belligerents as much as our Southern rebels,—to pretend to affect horror at our attended blockade of Southern ports by means of sunken vessels. Certainly England had no right to become the champion of humanity or civilization, whatever claim might be put forward on the part of France to that distinction."

champion of humanty or civintzation, whatever claim might be put forward on the part of France to that distinction.'

"De Morny acknowledged the compliment to France with a cold low. In this matter, however, he must think that England's complaints were justified. Harbors were places of refuge for distressed ships, as well as ports of entry for commerce. They were constructed by nature, and should not be held subject to the wrath of man. To turn from an anpleasant subject, however, if Mr. Weed and his charming daughter would do him the honor, and afford him the pleasure, etc., etc.

"The disinclination to discuss the question of the stone fleet blockade, on the Due de Morny's part was so obvious, and yet so confeously expressed, that our American diplomatist—plant, farmer-like person that he was, in appearance—had no little difficulty in returning to the charge. To return, however, was a necessity; and, mentally deciding that his next sentence must either close the conversation or aronse De Morny's interest, he made a dash at that point of character which his experience told him is the most sensitive in every true Frenchman's organization.

"Pushung aside the social invitation with a polite

of Ohio, to counteract the influence of the Confederate agents in London, Paris and elsewhere. The and complimentary acknowledgment, he resumed:

But, let England's course be what it will, France certainly, with her very peculiar position in history (De Morny suddenly became attentive), cannot afford to take sides with her on this question."

"Ah,' said the Duke,' you were saying—"

"I was saying,' continued Mr. Weed, who saw that the point of the barb was in the palate, and only needed a scientific jerk to be sent home,—'I was saying that, from the historical position of Prance on this question, and from the noble pride of your Nation which so keenly dislikes to be placed in a self-condemnatory or in the least humiliating attifinde, that we of the United States expect the cordial support of your Government in our right to blockade or destroy any ports on our own seaceast.'

"Ah—ah—indeed." The Minister was evidently troubled—evidently at sea as to what could be the meaning of the farmer-like personage, with shaggy gray eyebrows and a long forefinger, from the working of which some mysterious power of electricity seemed to radiate.

"At length De Morny brightened. He had, he thought, caught the meaning, and it was not so serious as he had supposed. 'Ah, yes. You doubtless allude to Napoleon the First's blockade of the Scheldt with piles—but that was an entirely different matter—"

"No, no, no,' was the slow but impressive rejoinder, made impressive by three shakes of the long forefinger,—a simile, as if in half sympathy for unfortunate France, and half at the Minister's error passed quickly over Mr. Weed's face. 'I allude—but pardon me. You are a Frenchman—almost the highest Frenchman. I do not wish to give you pain. Let me take my leave. The interest awakened by your conversation led me further than I intended. If my daughter be well enough, we shall certainly have much pleasure,' etc., etc.

"Oh! subtle angler of men, your hook was well home by this time. The leviathan of the French Cabinet could now be played as casily as a drumfish in Port Royal harbor.

"Stay, stay, Mr. Weed,' said the Minister. 'If any precedents have escaped me, which could have t

sincerely; and would now beg to be allowed to take his leave.

"No more coldness in the Due de Morny now—no more dismellination to discuss the topic of the stone fleet. He paced the room with fingers locked behind his back and twitching nervously. He was ransacking his memory vainly for the treaty in which this disastrous paragraph was incased. At length, recovering himself, he sat down, and motioned Mr. Weed, who had risen as if to take his leave, to be again seated.

"It is important, my good friend—that is to say

Weed, who had risen as if to take his leave, to be again seated.

"It is important, my good friend—that is to say (correcting himself), it is not important to my Government, but it would give me personal pleasare to know the treaty to which you refer, and the character of the paragraph therein to which you but now alluded."

"The Treaty of Utrecht—"
"Ah, Well, what of that ?"
"Its second paragraph—"
"Well—well."

"The principal advantage therein taken by

"'Well-well."

"The principal advantage therein taken by Holland and Great Britain of the temporary weakness— But pardon me! This reference, made as delicately as possible, will recall the facts to your remembrance.

"No-uo; spare me nothing. Punish my memory for its default by telling me ail our humifiation; for to, this I see though you would avoid it, you

ory for its default by telling me all our humiliation; for to this, I see, though you would avoid it, you must come."

"Since you compel me, then, thus briefly: The second paragraph of that treaty provides for the destruction by the French of the second best harbor in their Empire; for the permanent scaling up and total destruction of Dunkirk, the Hollandaise and British averring openly that the continuance of this harbor was injurious to their maritime interests, and a constant menace against their coasts."

"'And France submitted ?"

"'Two years after that treaty you will find a formal complaint from the Government of Holland to the Court of St. James, that France had not fully carried out the destruction of the works, and harbor; that ships of light draft could still these in

carried out the destruction of the works and harbor; that ships of light draft could still be in and out."

"And after this, what?"

suddenly arousing himself out of a profound reverse, which had not been a pleasant one, to judge by his countenance during its continuance. 'I confess with something of shame that the Utreelit treaty, or rather the second paragraph of it, had escaped me. You have put me under an additional obligation by recalling it. Adieu, my very good friend, I have an engagement with the Emperor, and already the interest of your conversation has detained me past my time.'

"Mr. Weed retired, bowing, to the door, well satisfied with his interview. Never in State or National convention did he feel more certain of the success of his arts. Leviathan was hooked and might struggle. But the hook was tangled round and round backwards, and forwards, in and out through all the tissues of National pride, and the hook would hold.

hook would hold.

"Driving home, our farmer-like diplomatist called upon the Prince Napoleon, and briefly gave an outline of the interview here roubly but faithfully

You have him, said the Prince rubbing his "You have him,' said the Prince rubbing his hands and hughing heartily. You have him, my dear sir, and may now go to your hotel and enjoy yourself. Think no more of the matter. It is all settled. The speech will be silent about the stone fleet. I rejoice that you have succeeded. You know that my heart is with you in American affairs; but I am regarded as a Northern partisan, and can do nothing with the Emperor."

A few words conclude this enrious story. When the address was delivered, it was shorn of the passage relating to our blockade. The paragraph referring to America was short and non-committal. Something had plainly been suppressed, " Fhe civil war which desolates the United States," declared the Emperor, "has greatly compromised our commercial interests. So long as the rights of neutrals are respected, however, we must confine ourselves

are respected, however, we must confine ourselves to expressing wishes for an early termination of these dissensions." Commenting upon the message, The London Times, in its editorial and financial columns, took sharp notice of the "sober second thought" which had mollified this important official utterance.

This was Mr. Weed's most important service in Europe and perhaps the most useful act of his political career. At that time a strong party in the English Parliament was eager to join Napoleon in declaring the blockade at an end, and the omission of the expected paragraph about Charleston entirely disconcerted them. Later, when the Emperor proposed joint intervention, England refused. The alleged letter from Judah P. Benjamin to the British Consul-General in New-York is printed by Mr. Barnes with no other explanation than that the authority for it is "believed to be trustworthy." Mr. Seward's letters are brief, but many of them are interesting and characteristic, and all bear testimony to that sincere and disinterested friendship which adorned the long intercourse of these two remarkable men. The sanguine temperament of Mr. Seward during the first years of the war was often ridiculed and sometimes mistaken for a habit of boastfulness. But it was genuine; it inspired the country when buoyancy was sorely wanted; and it was allied with a deliberate conviction of the reserved greatness of the American people. He wrote to Mr. Weed in Eng-

be able to convince the prejudices of parties in Europe, I confess that I cannot. They discredit me so that they may not be convinced. Nevertheless, I de know this, that whatever nation makes war against us, or forces itself into a war, will find out that we can and shall suppress rebellion and defeat invaders besides. The courage and the determination of the American people are aroused for any needful effort—any national sacrifices.

My dear Weed, you have wrang out of me what you yourself will regard as too sanguine expressions of my confidence in the success of our cause, and you will undervalue them, though I shall not give them up. But you must insist on my writing in such a crisis my full thoughts, and you must trust that when I may seem to you to be doing nothing. I am doing all I am capable of doing to save our country, under embarrassments that you, while abroad, know nothing of.

Best love to Harriet. Don't lose your pocketbook, but if you are going to, burn my letters first.

Mr. Weed believed that President Lincoln had

Mr. Weed believed that President Lincoln had nade four terrible mistakes in the composition of his first cabinet. The black list consisted of Chase, Cameron, Welles and Blair. Mr. Barnes dismisses the first of these miscreants with a rather droll show of contempt, printing however the following letter, which he explains by the bold statement that " the Secretary of the Treasury opposed calling out troops, fearing that a large increase in the public debt during his administration of that department would injure his prospects of reaching the Presi-

WM. H. SEWARD. Of the retirement of Mr. Cameron we have this

anecdote:

Of the retirement of Mr. Cameron we have this anecdote:

The Cabinet was Mr. Lincoln's own selection, practically, uninfluenced by pressure of any sort. Atter it was named, accident threw upon it a burden of unequalled responsibility. Mr. Weed did not intimate publicly that in the choice of his advisers the President had made four terrible mistakes. But such was his positive conviction, on the day when selections were made. "A somewhat persistent discrepancy of feeling and opinion," once said Mr. Evarts, in his stately way, "between the President and the Secretary, in regard to an important office in the public service, induced Mr. Chase to resign his portfolio, and Mr. Luncoln to acquiesce in his desire." The simple fact was that Secretary Chase wanted to control the patronage of the sub-Treasury in New-York, with a view to the Presidency, and that Mr. Lincoln, convinced that the Secretary had pushed his cauvass far enough, seized the opportunity to get him out of the Cabinet.

Nor was the President less willing to dispense with the services of his Secretary of War, when an occasion arose on which that gentleman's Cabinet career could be not too ungraciously terminated. The circumstances surrounding his appointment as Minister to Russia are well remembered. The first suggestion of the change was made to General Cameron by Mr. Weed, at Mr. Lincoln's request, in a conversation at the General's breakfast-table, in which the Indies of the household participated. "Repairing from the breakfast room to the library." writes Mr. Weed, "I presented considerations which seemed likely, in my judgment, to induce General Cameron to go abroad. I informed him that the Secretary of State had received a letter from Cassins M. Clay, offering to resign the Russian Mission. Mr. Cameron tinally remarked that his wife and daughter, thinking he was working too hard, had urged him to retire, and that they would be much pleased with a visat to Europe. All things considered, he allowed me to ascritain from the President the previous eve

Mr. Weed told the following story about Sec

Welles:

"Soon after this, our first taste of rebellion I received information from an equally reliable source that Gosport, with its vast supply of munitions of war, was in danger. Of this I informed the Secretary of the Navy, at the breakfast-table of Willard's Hotel. Believing from his manner that he attached but little importance to my information, I reiterated it with emphasis, assaming him that it would be occasion for deep regret if Gosport were not immediately strengthened. Meeting the Secretary at dinner the same day I renewed the conversation, and was informed that the matter would be attended to. This did not quiet my solicitude; and, leaving the Secretary to the placid enjoyment of his dinner, I repaired to the White House, Mr. Lincoln, however, had driven out to visit some fortifications. I made another attempt in the evening to see him but he was out again. Early the next morning, however. I found him, and in-**And after this, what?*

**And that of Holland, that instant measures should be taken by France for the total scaling up, by stone barriers, of the harbor.*

**And it was done?*

**And it was done?*

**The harbor is scaled up to this day for all but smacks or vessels of the lightest draft. You see no large river emptied into the harbor of Dunkirk, and the months of the Mississippi, the thing is different. Our stone fleets are a farce—a scheme of folly. One week of the river-flow will, beyond any doubt, cut deeper, because narrower, channels than those we are attempting to blockade. Our action, therefore, will have no practical ill effect upon the commerce of the world. But any discussion of it at this time could not fail to embarrass France by directing the attention of her proud and gallant people to the desolate memorial in the barbor of Dunkirk of British ascendancy at one time, and the brutal manner in which that ascendancy will receive the desolate memorial in the barbor of friendshin, does he not, with the British Court.*

**The best terms—the best,' said De Morry, which had not been a pleasant one, to judge by his

One day in 1863 Mr. Weed received a summons by telegraph to come to the White House. He took the night train for Washington, and early the next morning went to the President. Mr. Lincoln, taking him by the hand in his cordial way, said:

"Mr. Weed, we are in a tight place, Money for legitimate proposes is needed immediately; but there is no appropriation from which it can be lawfully taken. I didn't know how to raise it, and so I sent for you."

How much is required?" asked Mr. Weed. "Fifteen thousand dollars," said the Fresident.
Can you get it?"
"If you must have it at once give me two lines to

that effect."

Mr. Lincoln turned to his desk and wrote a few words on a slip of paper. Handing it to Mr. Weed, he said, "Will that do?"

"It will," said Mr. Weed; "the money will be at

your disposal to-morrow morning."
On the next train Mr. Weed left Washington, and before 5 o'clock that afternoon the slip of paper which he carried in his pocket presented this

Washington, Feb. 19, 1863.

Mr. Wred: The matters I spoke to you about are important. I hope you will not neglect them.

Truly yours, A. Lincoln.

That evening the \$15,000 were sent to Washing

Less than a month before his death Mr. Lincoln

wrote the following letter: EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. March 15, 1865.

DEAR MR. WEED:-Every one likes a compliment DEAR MR. WEED:—Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address.

I expect the latter to wear as well as, perhaps better than, anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world.

It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly upon myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it.

Yours, A. Lincoln.

It would be pleasant to dismiss the volume after

Yours.

quoting passages like these. We may pass over the details of many faction intrigues in which Mr. Weed bore so busy a part, and we may shut our eyes to his unfortunate aberrations of judgment on the spoils system and the silver problem. It is un possible, however, to avoid saying something about the bad treatment which Horace Greeley receives in this volume, and for which we blame the brographer more than we do Thurlow Weed. The dissolution of the firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley I am concerned deeply about the agitation apprehended in Parliament. I fear that there may be precipitancy there. If there is, the world has never seen such a commotion as there will be.

The people are very determined to push the war; . . . they are ready for sacrifices heretofore impossible. If there is to be an onset in Parliament for recognition and the breaking-up of our blockade, and the temper of the ministry and the country is ripened to maintain that position, of country is ripened to maintain that position, of the disaster. It would be a foregone conclusion. No arguments will be heard against it. Moreover, if the distrust of our ability to put down misurrection is so deep and so universal in Europe as to greourage Great Britain and France into such a policy, that, too, is an evil that, though understood by us, we cannot avert. It results from the incapacity of Europeans to understand the magnitude of the United States, and the time and expense required to meet so extensive a conspiracy and subdue it. No nation can perform in sixty days so great a task as we have on hand. But If I am expected to was an important political event; some accouninteresting reading" even now. They are from Mr. Greeley's letters to Weed in 1841:

Mr. Greeley's letters to Weed in 1841:

NEW-YORK, Jan. 27, 1841.

DEAR WEED: I am doing better now. In fact, I begin to feel quite snug and comtortable, and am able to look bank cashiers full in the face. If I mind my business pretty thoroughly hereafter, I think I shall get along.

I suppose you and Benedict, with others at Albany, thought it wrong that I went on with the "Cabin," but I wanted to print the paper a single year for my own sake. I feel that my honor and character—what there are of them—are pledged to this thing; that the Whigs will act in power as they have talked out of power; that they will honestly reform abuses, abolish useless offices, retrench exorbitant salaries, and show by their whole conduct that they are not Tories.

abolish useless offices, retrench exorbitant salaries, and show by their whole conduct that they are not Torles.

As for the country press, two-thirds of it is a nulsance and a positive curse—a mere mouthpiece for demagogues who are ravenous for spoils. This is a sad truth, but it is a truth none the less. What good have such papers—,——, and many more of that stamp done us? None at all, unless it be an advantage to be reduced to a level with the lowest of our opponents. I do believe they are all a positive injury—that any paper in oad or injudicious hands is so. I know this is not the common opinion, but I have not hastily adopted it.

I did not know that the Cabin was not regularly sent to you until I received yours this morning. I did not think you had longotten me, but that I de not cry about. I send on the Cabin, as I had ordered it sent from the beginning. We have nothing new here in polities, but large and numerous swarms of office hunting locusts sweeping on to Washington daily. All the rotten land speculators, broken bank directors, swindling cashiers, etc., etc., are in full cry for office, and even so humble a man as I am is run down for letters, letters. "None of your half-way things. Write strong." Curse their nauseous impudence! Some of them I give such a blessing as will stick in their crops these many days; some of them, God knows most rejuctantly, I give letters because I can't help it. Eve a good mind to advertise in The National Intelligencer that ail persons are forbid harboring or trusting office seekers on my account atter this date. Shall we never be rid of this infernal rush for spoils? My soul is sick of it.

Yours, H. Greeley wrote the following characteristic epistle:

The next year Mr. Greeley wrote the following characteristic epistle:

The next year Mr. Greeley wrote the following characteristic epistle:

New-York, September 19, 1842.

Friend Wekd,—I rise carly from a bed of sleepless thought to explain my position to you. I trust it is now understood, as I thought it had been before, that we differ radically on the Bank question, and I begin to fear we do on the general policy and objects of political controversy.

But this is not the main point on which I am moved to address you. You have pleased on several occasions to take me to task for differing from you, however reductantly and temperately, as though such conditions were an evidence, not merely of welchess on my part, but of some black ingratitude, or heartless treachery. I cannot realize that there have been any series of obligations between us which render it proper in you to assume so complete a mastery over my opinions and actions. I believe there never were any pecuniary transactions between us, and that you have never suffered by me in any way. I have surely never desired offices of distinction, avenues of fortune, at your hands. You sought me out for our first interview, and if I have not since been useful to you as you to me, the fault has been through my want of ability. I have given, I have ever been ready to give you any service within my power; but my understanding, my judgment my consciousness of convictions, of duty and public good, these I can surrender to no man. You wrong yourself in asking them, and in taking me to task like a school-boy, for expressing my sentiments respectfully when they differ from yours. However deep my obligations, I cannot pay in these. I am ever ready to defer to your superior experience and judgment,—only convince me that I am wrong on any point, but do not assume to dietate or lecture me. Do not ask me to forget that I, too, am a man; that I must breathe free air, or be stiffed.

Let me now hope that for the future we understand each other better. I would hope, also, that we may be stiff the invincement.

or be stifled.

Let me now hope that for the future we understand each other better. I would hope, also, that we may be still friends, in spite of the significant nitimation you gave me, at the close of our conversation; but if I can only enjoy your friendship on terms of humiliation, let us be strangers henceforth. I trust we can never be enemies, but better mything than I should feel the weight of chains about my neck, that I should write and act with meye to any man's pleasure, rather than to the righest good.

I am weary enough of my excited life. I long for

highest good.

I am weary enough of my excited life. I long for rest and a kindier atmosphere, but while I remain where I am, I cannot afford to despise myself. Besides, I owe what little chances for usefulness I may have to the impression that I do no man's bidding, but speak out my own honest thoughts. Henceforth, I pray you, differ from me when you see occasion, favor me in nothing, treat me as you do others.

The friendship of the triumvivate continued for twelve years after the date of this letter, but the real causes of the disagreement are visible even thus early. Seward and Weed were the complements of each other. In many respects they were very umike; Seward had a taste for the broad principles of National politics, Weed a remarkable talent for the practical work of party arrangement. United by a warm personal friendship, they made a formidable partnership in which one furnished the statesmanship and the other the political skill. Horace Greeley was a valuable ally, for his earnestness, his sincerity, his singular gift as a journalist, and his sympathy with the people, made him a most powerful advocate. But he was too independent for such prudent operators. Thurlow Weed especially had little in with him, and never understood him. Weed could not comprehend how, even six years after the final quarrel, Greeley could oppose Seward's nomination at Chicago except from the basest motives and by the most treacherous means. The opposition to Mr. Seward was wide-spread, open and earnest. It was inspired by a grave distrust of his policy, and in the convention it was soon seen to be irresisti-ble. But Mr. Weed looked upon it as a base conspiracy of Radicals maliciously egged by Greeley; and although history has so signally vindicated the wisdom of those who minated Abraham Lincoln in that memorable gathering, the angry complaints which Thurlow Weed and his friends uttered in their first disappointment at Seward's defeat are still echoing in this indiscreet memoir. To the Chicago Convention we may attribute the maliguant tone which disfigures most of the references to Horace Greeley. which Mr. Barnes has seen fit to make either on his grandfather's behalf or his own. We leave it for posterity to decide which of the antagonistic politicians followed the higher ideas of life and conduct, and left the deeper mark upon his generation.

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